

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

An Advocate of Universal Religion and a Co-worker with all Free Churches.

VOLUME XXXIII.

CHICAGO, MARCH 1, 1894.

NUMBER 1.

UNITY.

A JOURNAL OF RELIGION.

Non-Sectarian. Liberal. Constructive.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, \$1.00 PER YEAR.

PUBLISHED FOR

THE UNITY PUBLISHING CO.,

BY

BLOCH & NEWMAN.

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Chicago Post-office.

Address all Communications to the UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY,
175 Dearborn Street.

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Editorial

When'er a noble deed is wrought,
When'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low.

—Longfellow.

WE are living in a world as yet half made, less than that; the race has just begun its life, but it has lived long enough to indicate the way things are going. Age by age the spiral mounts a little higher. Year by year the muddy stream clarifies itself a little. All points to

"One far-off divine event
Towards which the whole creation moves."

THE Chicago people are to be treated to a season of John Fiske. He is to give a series of lectures during March in the Armour Institute. No man in this country has a higher task to perform than John Fiske; to which

task he brings a magnificent mind nobly equipped to apply evolution to the upper realm of being, history, thought, morals and religion. It is for such as him to bring religion down to earth, make the years of our present existence chapters in an entrancing, transforming revelation, so that nature will become a temple, beautiful, vast, profound.

WHAT a pity it is that our Sunday-schools continue to be juvenile assemblies; for even when adults attend they are content to do childish work. When will we have Sunday seminaries where the burdened workers of life may gather to study the profound things of this world, to probe, as they may, the mysteries of life, and to seek for light upon the besetting problems of daily duties?

IN another part of our paper may be found a very wholesome little sermon, sound and sweet and all the more valuable because it is so very brief and is not in sermon form. "The Opportunities of an Isolated Liberal Thinker" seems to us to breathe the true spirit of that philosophy of life which should mark the earnest free-thinker. When our sympathies are as broad as our thought, our life will be large, wherever we may be. Then are we true liberals.

WE print in another column an editorial from the *Medical News* of Philadelphia, entitled "Children of the State," because it so well presents a cause dear to the heart of UNITY. We trust that it may be the one more word that will cause many to desist in the wasteful charity (?) that is not charitable, the cruel kindness of herding children in institutions falsely called "Homes," and to seek instead the more excellent way set forth in the article referred to.

UNITY does not attempt to be a small edition of the *Review of Reviews*. We do not even hope to be the "family paper" that presumes to satisfy the weekly curiosity of the entire household. We cannot be the all-round paper, but we do want to be the all-at-it paper. We would like to reflect the movement towards freedom, fellowship, and character in religion in all places and on all lines; and so we once more appeal to our readers, particularly our ministerial co-laborers, to help us enrich the columns of UNITY in this direction. Send us not only parish gossip, though we like that when it is of an encouraging kind, but any signs of the times that appear on your horizon that seem auspicious and eventful.

ONE of the saddest and most senseless reactionary movements of the day is the fanaticism of this "A. P. A. Movement," which undertakes to correct the bigotry, selfishness

and theologic prejudices which may and do exist in the Catholic church, with a counter stream of like abominations from the Protestant churches. The Catholic church has its faults, but they are not to be corrected by the bigotry and dogmatism of those who are blind to the great service which the Catholic church has rendered and is rendering to the world. This most magnificent organization, measured by its work in and influence upon the world, ever projected out of the heart of human nature, is here to stay awhile. It is here because it has a work to do. Let its work be modified and ennobled by love and thought, not by abuse and unjust estimates.

THE following note of congratulation signed by the old guard of UNITY, Messrs. Gannett, Simmons, Blake, Hosmer and Jones, was sent out as a greeting to the Japanese friends who dedicated their new Unity Hall to progressive religion and theological education on the 4th of this month. UNITY adds its printed word of congratulation to this manuscript greeting already sent.

DEAR MR. MACCAULEY: You give your new Hall the same simple, noble name that we gave our little Western paper fifteen years ago, when we wanted to name it for a religious ideal and not a sectarian idea,—"Unity," not "Unitarian;" and your watchword of dedication, "To Truth and Peace and Righteousness," is but another wording of our motto, "Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion." So you, the professors and students of the school in Tokyo, and we of the "Unity" band in Chicago, are kinsmen in the spirit; and kinsmen should send greeting to each other on a day that is joyful for either. Let us, therefore, congratulate you on your entrance into the new building and all the new opportunities it will open to you. May it serve, in many ways, for many years, to increase light and love in the Island Kingdom of old Asia!

A "YOUTH," writing from a Boys' Club in connection with one of our Liberal churches, wants to know what UNITY thinks of introducing a billiard table into its Club rooms at the church. Some of the church members, he says, think such an innovation "sacrilegious." We agree with "Youth" that the "game per se is no more harmful than checkers or dominoes," though we know not how to play it. And is it not a part of the church's mission to emphasize the real line between things harmful and helpful? And is it not better to fight the baneful associations that have gathered around innocent amusements with helpful associations? The billiard table is, unfortunately, one of the attractions in every well-furnished saloon. Instead of laying the ax to these saloon tables, hoping thereby to wipe the fascinating game out of existence, we would prefer to put a billiard table in every church throughout our land,

thereby entering into righteous rivalry with the places of evil for the attendance of the youth, whose need of recreation is legitimate and imperative. We would like to hear from this church in question one year after the Club room is opened and the billiard table experiment has been tried. Let us then see what the sentiment in the church about it is.

THE *Free Church Record* for February, published at Tacoma, comes promptly to hand, bristling as ever with courage. In this number the editor disclaims the polemic and rebellious spirit which has been ascribed to him and which at times his words may seem to imply. Speaking of the Unitarian fellowship and the associations connected therewith, he says:

"Far, far may it ever be from us to speak scornfully or slightly of the great historical movement out of which we were born and whose original devotion to the principle of freedom we have simply carried out to its logical conclusions. Too often, alas, is it the habit of men to forget the steps by which they have climbed to higher peaks of thought and faith. May no such forgetfulness ever darken our hearts. All honor and reverence for the 'liberal Christianity' in which we were reared, now that *through it* we have attained to a faith that *to us* is nobler and diviner still. Let us see to it that we be as loyal to our convictions as were our illustrious forerunners to theirs. Better a thousand times that we die an honorable death than that we damn our souls by moral infidelity to the convictions we have espoused, for it is man's supreme duty to keep faith with his fairest ideals to the Perfect Day."

Of the present position of the Tacoma Society and paper, Mr. Martin says:

"Our position and aim may be described in a single sentence. We stand outside of Christianity, outside of Unitarianism, in order that without being committed to their *special-transient* elements, we may yet preserve and cherish their *universal-permanent* elements, and thus promulgate the religion which is neither Christian nor Unitarian but Universal. And we maintain this position reverently, tolerantly, humbly, hopefully."

Unity! And Still More Unity!!

Seventeen years ago to-day, on the first of March, 1878, the first number of the "PAMPHLET MISSION, for Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion," appeared, with the names of Robert Collyer of Chicago, W. C. Gannett of St. Paul, Jenkin Ll. Jones of Janesville, C. W. Wendte of Cincinnati, and J. C. Learned of St. Louis, as publishing committee. Miss Frances L. Roberts of Chicago was named as Business Agent, and J. T. Sunderland of Chicago and Geo. W. Cooke of Grand Haven, Mich., appeared as editors of "Notes and News." Mr. Collyer wrote the greeting, in which he said:

"We want to make this *Pamphlet Mission* go like a benediction among Liberal thinkers all through the West. To feel, when the work gets fairly under way, that our little messenger is the most welcome visitor, especially in the lonely homes and thinly scattered communities of Free religious thinkers, that ever comes. We trust they will look for it then as one of their choice blessings and find nobler uses in it than we can yet dream of. But this can only be done as

those who are like-minded with ourselves take hold with us, and spread the news far and wide, of its birth and promise; subscribe for as many copies as they can well afford to and send them out where they know they will be a blessing." * * * We need not say that our whole desire is to promote God's truth. If there should ever be any money in the venture, it will go right back in the publication, to the last cent, so as to make it still more worthy and more useful. And we cannot doubt that if all our friends will take hold with us, the *Pamphlet Mission* will grow in time to be one of the choicest agencies for the promotion of truth we can possibly desire."

Following this genial and hopeful greeting from the then Pastor of Unity Church in Chicago came the prospectus, which said:

"It is proposed to publish a fortnightly series of religious pamphlets on The Unity, The Evolution, The Doctrines, The Bibles and The Leaders of Religion; on the Relations of Religion to Science, to Devotion and Conduct, and on kindred topics, written by men whose word combines liberal thought with religious feeling. * * * We hope that each number will make good the promise of its title; *i. e.* that each will stand for real FREEDOM of mind, for real FELLOWSHIP between differing minds, and as most important of all, for CHARACTER as the *test and essence* of religion."

At the end of the first six months the new volume announced:

"With this number we enter upon a new volume and hoist to the mast-head a new name. 'What's in a name?' Much. The *Pamphlet Mission* did not meet with general favor as a name. We trust it will be different with UNITY."

With the beginning of the second year UNITY was enlarged and H. M. Simmons of Kenosha was editor-in-charge, and its position was thus stated by the new editor in its greeting:

"UNITY will aim to be as unsectarian as its name. Many of its contributors are indeed Unitarians; but the better Unitarians hold that name in no sectarian sense, and are, as Dr. Bellow said, 'a sect only in their opposition to sectarianism.' They aim not to divide, but to unite. The old theologic doctrine of the unity of God, from which the name came, has led logically and historically to a belief in the unity of all religion, and of the race. So we have long been wont, in pronouncing the word *Unitarianism*, to pass lightly over the *arianism*, and lay all the emphasis on the *Unite*. And now gladly dropping the *ism* and every trace of sectarian hiss, and returning to the root of the word, in which its historic meaning and real spirit lie, we proclaim our faith in *Unity*."

This, too, is the word in which modern thought centers. History is showing that all religions are *one*; ethnology that humanity is *one*; biology that all life is *one*; chemistry that the earth is *one*; and astronomy that all worlds are *one*. Our paper aims to be faithful to this rising truth:—the unity of religions in righteousness, the unity of men with each other and with nature, and the unity of all in God. For this truth of unity will in turn prove itself a gospel, bringing a larger charity and a wiser life to men."

Another year, first of March, 1880, Mr. Jones assumed the responsibility of senior editor, which position he has since occupied. On this, its third birthday, UNITY again stated its position as follows:

"Unity does not stand for freedom alone,

nor for fellowship alone, nor for character alone, in religion, but for all three of these as a con-substantial trinity. For some we are too free; for some we are too charitable; we hope that for none we are 'too good.' Not all even of our own household seem to fully understand our purpose. When they do, we trust they will believe in it, enough to help us to more fully represent them."

Upon entering its sixth year, first of March, 1883, the following appears in its prospectus:

"Through its pages some readers at least have learned to believe that there is a vital, practical and inspiring power in the Liberal faith and people that promises more and better results than have ever yet been attained. UNITY has done something towards solidifying and energizing the organizations that exist among Unitarians. While holding no portion of this body responsible for its utterances, it finds itself in open sympathy with much of its work and most of its workers. In the future as in the past, it will continue to work with and for the Unitarian denomination, though not the organ of this or any other body. Those who speak through UNITY columns, speak for themselves only, not for any sect or denomination."

On the first of March, 1884, it reiterated this position and declared its purpose to "work for universal truths independent of geographical lines and to seek a broader fellowship than that represented by any denominational name."

A year later, in 1885, it said:

"We shall continue to have great interest in the Unitarian movement, little interest in the Unitarian sect. We shall continue to emphasize its *principles* of free thought, inclusive fellowship, practical righteousness, and progress, much more than its *doctrines* concerning the Trinity, atonement, or interpretations of Bible texts. Glad and proud of its history, UNITY is by no means contented with the present attainment of the Unitarian fellowship. It is far from being the inspiring, consecrated and consecrating movement which its principles demand. We shall continue steadily to oppose any attempts to narrow its boundaries or to set up dogmatic fences to keep its piety in, or to keep honest thought and earnest inquiry out. As with the word 'Unitarian,' so with the words 'Christian' and 'Christianity.'"

On the first of May, 1885, UNITY became a weekly, at which time it took occasion to say that it was to work for the

"Church of the Spirit, based on practical piety; the home of a thought, and a fellowship broader than any sectarian name, and aglow with a missionary purpose to rationalize and humanize religion, that it may the better sanctify the life that now is and increase the capacity for a life that is to come."

We make these somewhat extended citations from our past words that they may steady our purpose as well as remind our readers of the long road over which we have traveled, and the hard tasks for which we have lived. Again we are at a birthday; again we come to you with a somewhat changed face. The form under which we have appeared for the last year, although pleasing to the eye of most of its friends, has not been an advantageous one from a commercial point of view, and so we yield to the wishes of our publishers and adopt a shape

that will yield more readily to enlargement and improvement.

We have another change to announce, which we trust will count more for the bettering of UNITY and strengthening its hold upon its chosen work. While the Unity Publishing Company continues as proprietor of UNITY and the attendant publications which bear its name, its Directors have been able to make a very desirable arrangement with Bloch & Newman, the present proprietors and publishers of *The Reform Advocate*, to publish UNITY for the Company and to become the business managers of its publications. By this arrangement the business interests of these two papers are brought into as close relations as their spiritual and moral interests were before. The office of Bloch & Newman has been removed to 175 Dearborn St., and their book rooms have been joined with those of the UNITY interests.

While these two progressive weeklies of Chicago have been brought into this close contact, the two progressive monthlies, the *Non-Sectarian* of St. Louis and the *Universalist Monthly* of Newark, N. J., working for Liberal Religion, have combined their resources under the former name at St. Louis. With these strengthened papers, the enlarged bi-monthly, the *Free Church Record* of Tacoma, and the *Christian Register* in the East, pleading more and more clearly for the "Larger Unitarianism," the prospect of that synthesis of Liberal forces toward which we have been groping for seventeen years grows more and more clear.

In declaring, then, our purpose to advocate universal religion and to be a co-worker with all Free churches, we make no new departure but push, with growing courage born of growing clearness, towards the end devoutly sought for by all Liberal spirits. In this work we have the assurance of the continued support of old and new friends. We ask for that endorsement from our readers that will be shown by the renewed co-operation and the cordial fellowship which has sustained us in the past.

Hymn-book-Making.

The notice of the new "Plymouth Hymnal" which appears elsewhere in our columns suggests some further thought upon the general subject of hymn-book-making. How far shall association and usage, of themselves, determine the choice of hymns in the making of a new hymnal? That they ordinarily are a potent factor, and in many instances the most potent factor, is shown by a close examination of almost any recent compilation which one may take up. In it are to be found hymns which in whole or in part inculcate doctrinal beliefs now obsolescent or quite obsolete, beliefs which one never hears from the pulpit and which sometimes take one as by violence from the general atmosphere of the sermon's thought and teaching into a mediæval air and environment. On the other hand, one may find verses that have really little or no merit of poetic fancy and lyrical flow, that from the standpoint of

literature are commonplace rhyme, which yet because our fathers and mothers sang them or for some association of past usage have been given a place in the collection. Let any one try the experiment of a more critical examination of these hymns, apart from this subtle witchery of association, and he will realize more than ever before the truth of what we have said. But this is, for the average mind, the difficult thing to do. By this association the plain doctrinal import of this or that familiar hymn has been either ignored, or by forced interpretation turned into something quite different from or even contrary to what the writer himself intended to express, as well as what any intelligent reader would understand from the words were he now to come upon them for the first time. This forced interpretation is by many regarded as a harmless jugglery, even meritorious, and as indicative of breadth; but in our judgment it is none of these. It hurts sincerity, leads to a weak and weakening obscurantism, and dulls the edge of thought and conviction. We are here speaking, be it observed, of the public use of this class of hymns where they form a part of the implied teaching of the church and are naturally more or less understood as indicative of the beliefs of pulpit and pew. Their use in private, as voices of the past, as literature, as the expressions of devout thought and feeling which we may dissent from in form but follow in spirit, and where there is no danger of our being misunderstood and inculcating in other minds conceptions which we would not wish to teach,—this is another matter. I suppose all devout minds that have ranged much in the fields of sacred poetry and song have their little libraries which contain many things with a distinct flavor of place and time, and for this reason would not be usable in the public meeting except under special explanation or qualification. But there is no place for these explanations or qualifications in the ordinary Sunday service, and for this reason such hymns as would seem to require them are best excluded from a collection intended for this use. Under this principle of selection several hymns within the Plymouth Hymnal would hardly have been admitted; for they inculcate conceptions and beliefs which both by his printed and his spoken word the scholarly editor is understood not to hold, and which the school with which he is associated openly disavows. The retention of such hymns but serves to perpetuate the old conceptions and to obstruct the incoming of that gladder and freer faith which these men in their way are striving to promote. To be more specific, we may instance the old-time conception or doctrine of the slumber of the soul in the grave until the simultaneous resurrection of the dead in their bodies of flesh, as in such lines as

Leaving him to sleep in trust,
Till the Resurrection-day (455, v. 3);

Securely shall my ashes lie
And wait the summons from on high (457, v. 3);

Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb (45, v. 4);

not to speak of that equally familiar and once widely favorite hymn,

Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb
Take this new treasure to thy trust (459).

So too the doctrine of the atonement, as embodied in such lines as follow, plays into the hands of the old orthodoxy rather than the new:

He dies to atone
For sins not His own;
Your debt He hath paid, and your work He hath done
(223, v. 2);

When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin (205, v. 3);

And on His sinless soul
Our sins in all their guilt were laid,
That He might make us whole (204, v. 4).

But we will not multiply examples. These are enough to illustrate our point. We may say in this connection that the revised hymnal of the American Unitarian Association is open to like criticism, *mutatis mutandis*, and the unrevised edition still more so. The Association prints its tracts in propagation of the humanitarian view of Jesus with one hand, and with the other it slips into its hymnal verses that crown him Lord of the universe. Of course here as in the new Plymouth Hymnal, it depends much on the point of view. If the object be simply to make a collection that shall contain hymns once, and with some people still, favorites, without respect to the changed aspects of religious thought and the present teaching of the pulpit, all these popular hymns have proper places. But if, as we conceive, the object of a church hymnal be to sing out of the mind as well as the heart, to quicken both thought and feeling, to have its fullest power in the edification of the Sunday gathering,—then there is no proper place in it for those hymns which we can no longer sing with the mind, and which, so far from quickening, only confuse our thought. We are not forgetting that feeling and fancy are not to be held in the leash of logic. We recognize the difference between poetry and prose. But no plea on this score seems of avail against our main thought.

But has association no legitimate weight then in our choice of hymns? Yes, most assuredly. It has immense weight. Words grow sacramental, and rightly so. In no other department of life is association so strong with most of us. But in and of itself, association works both ways. It weds us to our idols as well as to our growing ideals. It may blind judgment as well as hallow thought. It can never with any rational mind be the sole ground of choice or action, nor in any important matter can it be the main ground. And in this matter of hymns, stronger than sermons to carry religious sentiment and thought and to fix themselves in memory, it is to be borne in mind that *for one half in every congregation the associations are now in the making*; and shall they not be with the truest, the most beautiful and the best? We have no sympathy with that man who said that his boy was learning things in the Sunday-school which the father once learned but had outgrown; and then added, "But it won't hurt him any; he'll out-

grow them." Life is too short and precious, and the things of perennial worth are too many, to be learning anything simply to outgrow it.

F. L. H.

Contributed and Selected

Where is God?

"Oh, where is the sea?" the fishes cried,
As they swam the crystal clearness through.
"We've heard from of old the ocean's tide;
And we long to look on the waters blue.
The wise ones speak of the infinite sea;
Oh, who can tell us if such there be!"

The lark flew up in the morning bright,
And sung and balanced on sunny wings;
And this was its song: "I see the light,
I look over a world of beautiful things;
But, flying and singing everywhere,
In vain I have searched to find the air."

Minot J. Savage.

Children of the State.

The expense of the care of the defective classes is becoming enormous and burdensome. The criminals in the United States, while in prisons and reformatories, cost fifteen millions of dollars a year. The other defectives cost a sum not possible to calculate, though we may safely say that it is very large. From no other class of society are the defectives recruited in such large numbers as from "the children of the street." These neglected products of modern civilization are from necessity petty thieves, beggars and sympathy-mongers. They graduate into every class of vice and crime, and, at the best, become a serious menace to the physical, mental, moral and commercial interests of society.

Sentimentalism, religious enthusiasm and pseudo-charity have perpetuated the monastic idea in the orphanage. Children have been and are huddled together in cities and towns, and supported, washed, fed and drilled, doctored and amused, with a mortality of 200 or 300 per 1000 a year, all in the name of charity. The children that have once tasted liberty prefer the dry-goods box to the white counterpane bed and its attendant institutional life. They prefer gutter life and freedom, to clean clothes, baths, steam-heated rooms, balls, bats, and croquet, inside stone walls, even though garnished with a half-week of well-supervised and orderly manoeuvres under trees, by the side of rivers and brooks, in a strange, clear light and air. The dreadful death-rate in these orphanages, the loss by runaways, and the loss of incorrigibles sent back to the street, make altogether a pitiable showing.

From this extravagant and heart-rending picture we turn to Australia for hope—a continent without an orphanage—a country without an orphan. The good work of two women in a rational and plastic state, has found a home and parents for every orphan. Each waif is taken to a receiving home, where it is cared for until a country home is found. The local volunteer societies canvass their neighborhoods, and send to the central *Children's Committee of the Destitute*

Board the names and circumstances of such families as they have found where children may be placed. The children's committee selects that home which it judges best adapted to the development and care of the child in question. The foster-parents receive a stated sum each week for the care of the child and for proper clothing. This sum averages \$1.25 per week. No child is placed in a family that is too poor. In such families the child might suffer hardship. When of school age the child must be in school. The schoolmaster makes a quarterly report to the children's committee of the attendance and general condition of all children of the State. The schools of Australia have no long vacations. The police-officer visits the child at definite intervals. The local volunteer committee looks after its care and culture, and jealous neighbors often lend a hand in watching the growth and education of these happy children, and reporting their findings to the children's committee in anonymous letters. The village health officer also reports on any sickness he is called upon to treat, and an inspector of the committee visits every child twice a year.

When the child is fourteen years old he begins to work, usually on the farm on which he has before lived. His earnings are placed in the Postal Savings Bank, and at seventeen or eighteen he goes out into the world for himself, an independent man. The State, at an expense of less than seventy dollars a year, has raised a man or woman to contribute to its aggregate wealth, and prevented the manufacture of a criminal, the subsequent ravages of his art, and the expense of court, prison and reformatory for him and his pupils. The hysterical activities of the charity-mongeresses have incidentally been avoided, and their energies diverted to occupations less destructive to life.

When a mother, with the help of a half-ration from the Destitute Board, can keep her child and a roof over her head, disregarding the bugbear of out-door relief so potent with us, this ration is granted. When she has two children, one ration is given, and a ration and a half for three, and so on. Babies are placed out where they are cared for by experienced country mothers, and only one or two in a place. The foster-mother is paid more for its care during the first nine months of infant life than afterward. Old people are cared for in the same humane manner, and our Southern continental civilization is not disgraced by institutions in which old people are huddled together in lifeless and childless prisons to wait for death.

It may seem strange that Australia, Tasmania and New Zealand have so far outstripped us in this humane, charitable, and economic work of child-saving and the prevention of disease. In our cities the slaughter of children in "institutions" still goes on, the growth of our defective and criminal class still increases, the calls upon the thrifty and humane still grow importunate, but we are unwilling to learn. It were better to recognize at once that as civilization ad-

vances, the functions of the State must advance into new fields. The care of the children can no longer be left to the church and the street. As society represented by the State must protect itself against enemies from without, so it must protect itself from the greater enemy that it is suckling within. It is unnecessary to point to the influence upon general morality which the daily observation of the life of the children of the street exerts upon the more fortunate. This depressed moral tone makes our political corruption possible. Hope lies not in restricting, but in extending political activity.

Two women, Miss Clark and Miss Catherine Spence, destroyed the orphan-asylums of Australia, robbed the continent of its orphans, and saved these colonies from a horde of criminals and dependents. Some good man or woman must raze every orphan-asylum and "home" in the United States to the ground. We have outlived them. We are too thrifty to keep them longer, pretending to perform a function they cannot fill.

The Children's Aid Society of Philadelphia has begun in the right way. Help it to extend its aid to all the waifs of Pennsylvania.

This is a proper work for the physician, and through the activity of our profession in preventing and curing the diseases of the State, we may hope that the standing, reputation and good name of the doctor will be restored and properly honored.—*The Medical News.*

Could We But Know!

Could we but know if in the great hereafter
Our loved and lost ones we should meet again,
And all the broken links be reunited
That Death has severed in love's golden chain—
Could we but know!

Could we but know that voices we call silent,
Are only hushed to our dull mortal ear,
And call our names with all the old-time fondness,
Though oft we listen all in vain to hear—
Could we but know!

Could we but know if the pale eyelids' closing
Gives to the spirit visions far more clear,
And it can tell the real from the seeming,
And see what worthless things we oft hold dear—
Could we but know!

Could we but know if friends still walk beside us,
Unheard, unseen, amid life's ceaseless din;
That they rejoice if we are true to duty,
And grieve, if vice's dark path we enter in—
Could we but know!

Could we but know if the pale hands we've folded
So still and cold above the pulseless breast
Still clasp our own, but with a touch so gentle
Our hands of flesh feel not the light caress—
Could we but know!

But to our question comes no certain answer.
We can but hope and trust; 'tis better so.
But our fond hearts are very weak and human,
And longing, waiting, still we sadly say,
Could we but know!

ANONYMOUS.

Not only have Christians, by the excessive culture of favorite virtues turned them into caricature, but they have assumed, that because they have learned to be Christians, they should forget to be men.—*J. S. Blackie.*

The Plymouth Hymnal.*

This is an era of new hymnals all along the ecclesiastical line. The fact is indicative of the new spirit and thought at work in all the churches. The volume before us has a double interest,—as a collection of hymns, old and new, and as representative of that “progressive orthodoxy” of which Dr. Abbott is a conspicuous leader. We shall speak of the book from these two points of view, leaving its musical matter, which seems to us very full and rich, to some more competent pen.

The Plymouth Hymnal contains 638 hymns. A preface tells us of the general aim that has guided the editor in his work. There is a concise and interesting “historical introduction,” showing the gradual development of psalmody in our Protestant churches, from “Ainsworth’s Version of the Psalms,” which the Puritans brought over the ocean with them, to the hymnals of to-day. Five “Orders of Service” are suggested, varying slightly, and all adapted to use in the non-liturgical churches. Several chants are given, followed by “The Psalter” of twenty-five well-selected responsive services. All this matter covers but some sixty pages and will add to the value of the hymnal. We come now to the hymns. Of these, rather more than one fourth may be said to be generally familiar. They are to be found in the more recent hymnals of this size,—in the revised collection of the American Unitarian Association, for example, as well as in those of the so-called Evangelical communions. Of the other three fourths, many hymns have a place in these latter collections; yet there is an unusual amount of new material here gathered, and for much of it the music has been specially composed or adapted. It is a difficult matter to be wholly just in passing judgment upon the literary merit of hymns; so much does association influence one unconsciously on the one hand, while sympathy or lack of sympathy with the doctrine implied therein is a potent factor on the other. There is a vast body of inward experience in which all devout souls share; but really fine hymns, as lyrics of religious feeling, are often marred to many by reason of the theological coloring of their phraseology, and this same coloring serves also oftentimes to commend to many persons lines that are merely common-place rhymes. Bearing in mind what we have just said, we will confess a measure of disappointment in this hymnal in respect of even and sustained literary excellence. Not a few of the selections seem to us of very ordinary merit both in lyrical movement and poetic expression. In this regard the Plymouth Hymnal falls below the “Hymns of Faith and Life” and the “Berwick Hymnal” in our judgment, especially the latter,—the two collections recently compiled by Dr. Hunter, of Glasgow, and Rev. A. W. Oxford, of London, respectively, and which represent the freer movement within the churches of

Great Britain, as Dr. Abbott’s volume represents like tendencies on this side of the ocean. Possibly Dr. Abbott anticipated some criticism of this sort; and in justice to his editorial work perhaps we should turn to his prefatory declaration that “hymns intended for public worship should be expressions either of prayer, of praise, of consecration, or invitations thereto,” and that “with rare exceptions only such are to be found in this hymnal.” Is it on this basis that he has given us in all his six hundred and thirty-eight selections only eight from Whittier, *par excellence* our American psalmist? And of these eight, four are from the one poem of “Our Master,” leaving only four from all that the poet has sung beside. Eight from Whittier and forty-eight from Watts (!) seems rather disproportionate both in respect of intrinsic merit and as representative of the inspiration and larger life and thought of this present time, which ordinarily the honored preacher of Plymouth pulpit is so well alive to. The fact is that the difference between a hymn and a “spiritual song” or poem is not one of mere form. It is not simply a difference of direct and indirect address, of second person and third person according to the grammar; no, nor of first person either, in the expression of deep feeling that flows from the heart and to the heart. So far as spiritual help and edification are concerned, these are to be derived from whatever lines stir us to devouter feeling and thought; and if these lines have a lyrical movement and genuine singing quality, then they have the value and force of a proper hymn. Montgomery’s familiar lines beginning

“Prayer is the soul’s sincere desire,”

which Dr. Abbott in his preface cites as an example of the “descriptive verse” and “metrical definitions of doctrine or of spiritual experience,” excluded from the collection, seem to us to have the elements of a proper hymn quite as much as many he has admitted, especially as its closing stanza (from Dr. Abbott’s theological standpoint and that of his hymnal, in large measure) wings the whole hymn and ends it in a flight of prayer. We may suppose that by like reason or rule Whittier’s beautiful

“The harp at Nature’s advent strung,”

and his

“O sometimes gleams upon our sight”

are passed by; though one does not understand the exclusion of the former and the inclusion of Addison’s more stately but less musical and hardly so beautiful

“The spacious firmament on high.”

This self-imposed restriction, on what seems to us rather an arbitrary and formal judgment, has not been fully observed, as several of the selections show. Indeed, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to observe it. But it has acted, apparently, to narrow the range of choice and to lessen the literary excellence of the collection as a whole.

But whatever may be our judgment of the exclusion or the inclusion of any hymns from the standpoint of lyrical and poetic worth or the want of it, the catholicity of the editor in respect of the ecclesiastical connection of

the authors is admirable. Apparently this has not been considered in his judgment. Catholic and Protestant, Calvinist and Arminian, Trinitarian and Unitarian, the extremes of Conformity and Dissent, sing side by side in this Plymouth Hymnal choir. Watts is given first place, with forty-eight hymns. Next follow Montgomery and Charles Wesley, each with twenty-seven. Then comes Faber, with fourteen; Bonar, with eleven; Doddridge, with nine; Whittier, with eight; Heber and John Ellerton, each with seven. Thus, these nine singers furnish one fourth of the volume. There is a goodly number of translations from the old Latin hymns, a rather inferior rendering of the *Dies Irae* closing the book. The rich German sources are far less drawn upon than we should expect. There are but three selections from Anna L. Waring. Lovers of Samuel Longfellow’s hymns will find but five of them in this large collection; but they will be more surprised to find his friend, Samuel Johnson, and Dr. Furness and Eliza Scudder wholly unrepresented. One cannot understand such an omission. There is one selection from M. J. Savage, two from Chadwick, including his beautiful

“It singeth low in every heart;”

but there is nothing from James Freeman Clarke, Hedge, Bulfinch, or W. C. Gannett, though the “Consider the Lilies” of the last named weds faith and science and sings of the new universe beyond all other lyrics within our knowledge.

And here we will speak briefly of the book from our second point of view,—its representative interest as indicative of the movement of religious thought and larger faith. There is little distinctive recognition here of the new interpretation of Nature which we owe to modern science. There is too little hymning of that natural and universal religion which the broader sympathies of the age are reaching out to, and which the study of the great ethnic faiths has already done so much to advance. The higher utterances from the platform of the recent Parliament of Religions, including Dr. Abbott’s own address, have rather feeble echoes here. The burden of the volume is “Christo-centric”—one might almost say more Christo-centric than Theo-centric. He who came to be the “way” is made the supreme goal and end. The hymns of terror, familiar in the old collections, are given no admission here; for we do not suppose the famous *Dies Irae* was inserted with the expectation that any congregation would ever sing it. “Hell,” “The Last Judgment,” and like lists do not appear in the table of contents. There is no emphasis on death as the limit of “probation.” And this is characteristic of the “New Orthodoxy.” But there is a fond clinging to traditional phraseology and related beliefs that went hand in hand with the dismal doctrines thus discarded, and made parts of a close and logical system. And this also is characteristic of the “New Orthodoxy.” We hardly expected to find in a hymnal compiled by the editor of *The Outlook* a continuance of such lines as,

*The Plymouth Hymnal: For the Church, the Social Meeting and the Home; Edited by Lyman Abbott, with the coöperation of Charles H. Morse and Herbert Vaughn Abbott. New York: The Outlook Co. 1893.

"When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin,"

or of that savage and repulsive figure of the fountain of blood

"Drawn from Immanuel's veins."

But these are not alone of their kind. The substitutional theory of Jesus' suffering and death, the slumber of the soul in the grave until the last trump shall sound, and the resurrection of this mortal body,—all of which the "New Orthodoxy" is supposed to discard—find expression in the new Plymouth Hymnal. It is in vain to palter and to mystify language by reading into it a private meaning foreign to accepted usage and to the original intent. This is poor business,—poorest of all when done in the supposed service of religious faith. "Let me make the songs of a people"—the proverb is somewhat musty but it has lost none of its truth. The excellent editorials of *The Outlook* will break their spears in vain upon the theological panoply repaired and new-riveted from Sunday to Sunday by the tools which this new hymnal, though in less measure than older collections, will still supply. The New Orthodoxy and the half-way sort of Unitarianism and Universalism are not likely to succeed in marketing the spiritual vintage of to-day in the old bottles. At least they put themselves at great disadvantage. The old labels stick fast and the result is confusion and distrust. The more this is realized,—and more and more people are coming to realize it,—the more effective will our preaching and teaching be, and the nobler will be our songs.

F. L. H.

The Opportunities of an Isolated Liberal Thinker.

The isolated liberal thinker has an opportunity for doing good far beyond what he supposes when he thinks only of himself and the misery of his loneliness. Let him put his views in his pocket and study the religious life of his fellow men and he will find that he can broaden and sweeten them and himself. He will find here and there someone struggling with the problems that long ago troubled him, and he will just give him a word of encouragement, or perhaps only a look and a smile, and straightway he will feel a newer, sweeter sense of fellowship than though he had talked face to face with a thinker on his broad plain.

Suppose he goes into the Sunday-school and joins the Bible class. He will find the teacher asking the questions set down in the "quarterly," and the class running along with their finger on the place, so that they may give the proper answer when their turn comes, and perhaps talking outside matters between times. Shall he be disgusted and come no more, or be true to his ideas by denouncing the ideas set forth in so self-satisfied a way by one and another? If he is wise, he will be liberal enough to tolerate and even respect and sympathize with them in their views, if he cannot agree with those views. He will not *seem* interested, he will *be* interested.

If we study the literature of a bygone age,

we go back to it and get into touch with it before we can rightly understand its value. So with the religion of country places. We must put ourselves in sympathy with it and by little it can be brought down to modern times. Do not impose your ideas upon them. Soon enough they will ask you what church you belong to. You want to have them glad that you are among them before you answer that you are one of those wicked outsiders who believe in goodness, purity and truth wherever they find it. You want them to feel that you are not dangerous before you are obliged to say to them: "I am a Unitarian." Put off that day as long as possible, because you want them to feel your humanity before they do your sectarianism, and to feel that it is the former and not the latter that matters, anyway.

Time goes on, and the tone of that Bible class has changed from dull, bigoted dogmatism to something like real thoughtfulness: simply because someone cares for every little thought and every real idea; simply because someone has a sweet kindness and sympathy, and appreciates everything and makes it felt and seen rather than heard. He does not wish to make Unitarians of them, though he does not object to their trying to make a Baptist or Methodist of him. He takes and reads whatever they give him (it will not be much); he makes no comments on what he does not agree with, and does point out passages that he likes. They will soon find that he is beyond any question of church fellowship and they will secretly be glad.

The question whether the world is growing better or worse is sure to come up. Our Liberal will say "*better*," the others will be doubtful mostly, or say "*worse*." Then they will begin to sum up all the mean things people do. "Even the churches," they say, "are corrupt." You will see the effect of such thoughts at once. Gloom, hatred and distrust settle on every face, for "like begets like," and "as a man thinketh so is he."

This is one of the opportunities of our isolated liberal.

"The world is better, better!" he cries; they shake their heads, they open their mouths, but he will not hear them, and goes on rapidly with his belief in goodness and the striving after it, with his belief in the high standard of the churches and the government. "There is wickedness enough in the world," he says, "I admit that, but *we* all try to be better." Somebody shakes a head. He goes on, "I know you try to be good and are good at heart; I know I try; and if we just go on trying, the world will be that much better, anyway." The faces have cleared. They are glad to be refuted. They are happier and better for being loved and trusted, because they are human beings having the capability of love and trust in common with all humanity, and henceforth they will look for goodness and truth in all men as they have never done before. And our Liberal is happier and more liberal than though he kept his liberalism in his breast pocket to be cherished apart and brooded over, walking coldly among his fellow men.

If they could not understand and sympathize with him, he could with them. And giving, he received.

G. R. C.

Church-Door Pulpit

THE THEATER.

BY REV. J. M. SCOTT.*

"The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof," is the text that comes to me as I think of speaking about the place of the theater in our life. I speak of the theater because of the recent opening in our city of the Lyceum, a beautiful new theater, built and managed with the purpose of giving our citizenship amusements of the highest character. That they will succeed in realizing their ideal, having never anything to offend the best moral feelings and finest artistic sense, I do not believe. And they will not have ideal success, not merely because perfection hides not in any of our deeds, but because the attitude of the better class of people towards the theater is still one of hostility and indifference, one that is content to stand apart from the play house with indiscriminate condemnation, rather than to recognize it as a great power to be consecrated to the work of adding to the sum of human happiness and nobleness. When the church shall recognize the power of the theater for good, and give it cordial support, then the plays that are an offence to moral decency will begin to disappear; and one may be able to go to an hour of recreation without having to witness some appeal to the lowest passion of the lowest men. And this does not mean that the play must become a homily, that it ought to be simply a kind of animate moral essay. It may be full of human nature, true to life, taking our common, suffering and sinning human nature, and picturing it with fidelity, and yet with a touch of ideality which will help us, so dull and sordid often, to see the real greatness of the lives we are living, their infinite possibilities of nobleness. James A. Hearn's "Shore Acres" is a bit of New England realism, as true and fine as any of Mary Wilkins' excellent character studies; and some of these are as rare as Shakespeare, showing as well the grandeur of this deep and mysterious drama of our human nature, in humble lives and homely events, as the great dramatist does by using the great of the earth who live with a far-sounding fame. This play ran for one hundred and thirteen nights in Boston, and every evening was played before a full and interested house. No one attending such a play can come away from it without some nobler and holier emotions throbbing in his heart. It is the old gospel of unselfishness made alive before you, in just such homely lives as are lived about us every day. It is indeed "the embodiment of human love," and that is always a love divine. It shows us the greatness of this human nature of ours, and the "Calvaries of love," which are daily lived by our

*Preached in the Unitarian Church of Ithaca, N. Y., and first published in the parish paper, *Kindly Light*, November 5, 1893.

kind, that joy may sing its songs in other hearts. The great success of such a play is one of the most encouraging facts of theatrical life, showing that the theater is being consecrated to an ennobling art, that it need not be purveyor to the baser in men in order to have that patronage necessary to its support. For me to sit under the spell of such plays as "Shore Acres" is like sitting under the "droppings of the sanctuary," consecrating me to a new love for my race, giving me a new and deepening respect for the divine greatness that hides in humble human lives. And so the attitude of the church must change. As it is learning to recognize the best in literature, giving some less devotion to those colorless infidelities to life, the average Sunday-school story, so must it learn to recognize that the theater may have a not unholy place in our human life. Then will there be the possibility of repeating in its smaller way, in our own new play house, the success of such a play as "Shore Acres."

We must give full recognition to pleasure's place in this human life of ours. Happily for the race's increase in goodness, the religion that believed that to smile was to sin is passing away; and we are learning that smiles are as holy as tears, indeed that one of life's holy purposes is to wipe away all tears with the tender hand of joy. Sunshine makes the flowers and fruits unfold. No less does gladness ripen the flowers and fruits of goodness in our human hearts. I remember a sermon on the death of Lincoln, condemning him for going to the theater, and calling it "the decorated and glittering gateway to ruin." And I doubt not that it often is that; but, as well, I doubt not that it often is the decorated and glittering gateway into human goodness, into an enrichment of life with some of the finest ministeries of art, with some of the noblest smiles with which mirth blesses us. And that that great-hearted man who bore in his sad soul the sorrows of an awful war, the destiny of a great nation, should turn for some relief to the pleasures of the play house, is as natural as that a boy should run and shout when the hard day's work of school is ended. The bane of our American life, the hurt to our character, is that we take life too seriously, bend ourselves too intensely to its giant tasks, letting the child die out of us, having to take up poor Realf's lament and say:

This sweet child that hath climbed upon my knee,
This amber-haired, four-summered little maid,
With her unconscious beauty troubleth me,
With her low prattle maketh me afraid.
Ah! darling, when you cling and nestle so,
You hurt me, though you do not see me cry,
Nor hear the weariness with which I sigh
For the dear babe I killed so long ago.
I tremble at the touch of your caress;
I am not worthy of your innocent faith;
I who, with whetted knives of worldliness,
Did put my own child-heartedness to death,
Beside whose grave I pace forever more,
Like desolation on a ship-wreck shore.

There is no little child within me now
To sing back to the thrushes, to leap up
When June winds kiss me and an apple bough
Laughs into blossoms, or a buttercup
Plays with the sunshine, or a violet

Dances in the glad dew. Alas! alas!
The meaning of the daisies in the grass
I have forgotten; and if my cheeks are wet,
It is not with the blitheness of the child,
But with the bitter sorrow of sad years.
O moaning life with life irreconciled;
O backward-looking thought, O pain, O tears!
For us there is not any silver sound
Of rhythmic wonders springing from the ground.

Woe, worth the knowledge and the bookish lore
Which makes men mummies, weighs out every grain
Of that which was miraculous before,
And sneers the heart down with the scoffing brain;
Woe worth the peering, analytic days
That dry the tender juices in the breast,
And put the thunders of the Lord to test,
So that no marvel must be, and no praise,
Nor any God except Necessity.

What can ye give my poor starved life in lieu
Of this dead cherub which I slew for you?
Take back your doubtful wisdom and renew
My early foolish freshness of the dunce
Whose simple instincts guessed the heavens at once.

If the new Lyceum can give us the ministry of pure mirth, help us to resurrect and keep alive our child-heartedness, it will do us an inestimable service. Our great Teacher said that we must become as little children if we would enter into the kingdom of heaven. If the play may take us out of ourselves, may free us from business selfishness which so often hardens and makes old the heart, giving us a childlike gladness, melting the heart with noble, unselfish emotions, then it has helped us along towards the kingdom of heaven.

All the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday;—
Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts,
Thou happy Shepherd boy!

So the flower is a joy, and the bird and the stream, the lowly grass and all the ripening grains. Life is joy, and only some pause in its fullness makes the pain. What we want is fullness of life. It is of life that we are scant. And so if we welcome gladness with whatever pure face it comes laughing, it will be to us as the sunny summer, making our blossoms blow, our birds sing, our fruits grow towards their ripeness. We have taken the music of bacchanalian songs and set them to diviner words, singing them in our churches, the old association purged away, the music coming up from those deeps and now walking with its Lord in white. So let us take up the theater which has been so often consecrated to what is low and defiling, and hallow it into that whiteness that makes it worthy a fellowship with the Lord of life.

All life is a rescue from the low to the high. The seed transforms the low soil into the high blossom. The lowly egg in the dull nest on the ground becomes the winged bit of bronze that sings its gloria from the oak's great, topmost bough. And so from rude attempts at music have come forth our oratorios. From savage man has come forth civilized man. The soul rests in and is mirrored by the body, transforming a search and toil for daily bread into noble thoughts and emotions, into great heroism and sublime aspirations. And so it seems to me that the duty of the best people is to make

the theater minister unto what is best in man. There are some books which you cannot read without a deep and dreadful defilement; and yet for that we do not abandon the power of books to the service of evil. We make good books. We cultivate people's tastes for their reading; and are at the fulfillment of the Scriptural command to overcome evil with good. So, not only in literature, but in art. There is art that defiles; that, however externally beautiful, covers the soul with pitch. And yet for that we do not abandon art to the service of evil; we consecrate it to the service of religion in its architecture, in its picture, in its poetry, in its music; again overcoming the evil with the good. No less are there plays enacted in theaters which you cannot witness without the stain and stench of the sewer being upon your moral nature. But that is no reason why its great power to fascinate, to entertain, to instruct, should be abandoned to the service of evil. It is rather a call to duty, that here, as in other fields of life, we may overcome the evil of thistles and thorns with the good of the golden grain. With the recognition of its good, with our patronage of it, let us do what we can to exalt the theater, and then the theater will exalt us. A friend once read a paper on amusements to a company of ministers, of which I was one. In it he said that once he was visiting a relative, a minister, in the city of New York. At that time Booth and Barrett, two of the then greatest living American tragedians, were playing Shakesperian plays. He said to his cousin, "Let us go and see Booth and Barrett." "O, no," said his cousin, "that will not do. Our church people would censure us for going to the theater. But let us go down to Barnum's Museum." "And so," he said, "we went, two educated men, looking at Barnum's snakes and fat woman, while two of the greatest living tragedians were playing Shakesperian plays! And all because of the church's irrational attitude towards amusements." Let us not commit such folly. Let us appreciate our new theater, which intends to give us plays of a high and pure character. And more and more may it attain unto its ideal of putting no play on its stage that will in any sense appeal to what is lowest in man. It has, I am sure, set itself a difficult duty. While it may too often fail in its fulfillment, let us all, so far as we may be able, help it realize for us what the theater at its best may be,—a contribution to the enrichment of our human lives. I only wish that it might sometimes in the year be opened, with the best plays, at prices to attract the poorest in purse, giving them the helpfulness of the theater's best art.

The only objection to the self-made man is that in so many cases he has failed to put himself together so as to work noiselessly.—*Verity.*

A Christian gentlemen lately wrote the widow of his friend: "I cannot tell how pained I was to hear your husband had gone to heaven. We were bosom friends, but we shall never meet again."—*Exchange.*

Sermon Extracts.

That we are often mistaken and often betrayed and often disappointed shows that God's Reason, while containing ours, is vastly wider and truer to all the facts. It may well please us to have the wind blow west to-day, but how about the merchantman who travels eastward?

There is no department of life which needs so much thought as morals and religion; there is none which receives less. Wickedness and vice are intellectual blunders as well as moral delinquencies.

Stop doing anything for others and you will grow distrustful of man; stop creating happiness and you will doubt of happiness. Does the human world seem basely material? What are you doing to make it more spiritually minded?

CHARLES J. STAPLES,
St. Cloud, Minn.

If it were true—and if by prayer for pardon we could “make our peace with God”—would that end the matter? Are there no further considerations? I tell you, no! it is an unnatural, irrational and unmanly view of the matter. We have no right to do wrong even though God should forgive us. There is another tribunal—I cannot overlook my own persistent disregard of right. God may, but I can't—I must stand face to face with myself forever, and in what I am I shall always be forced to recognize what I have been and done. Sins are unpardonable.

VICTOR EMANUEL SOUTHWORTH,
Ware, Mass.

Renan says: “The reign of the spirit will not commence till the material world is completely under man's control.”

By the reign of the spirit we understand the time when a well disciplined mind, a well stored memory, and a kindly, loving heart, shall be counted of more value and entitle the possessor to greater respect, than the greatest wealth, the highest office, or the most honored name; the time when mothers, building up the brain of the unborn infant, shall long for it most of all, the possession of these higher qualities of mind and heart,—when the child's first lessons shall be to prize these high things more than wealth and splendor; the time when the spiritual nature shall be considered the chief good, and all material things but means to this end. Science points to a time when this earth shall no longer be a fit habitation for man; the harvest shall be refined, glorified souls, a fit product for the toil and struggle of the ages. That this result shall be attained here, it is necessary that man shall have freedom from toil long enough to give him time and strength to cultivate the mind and heart.

R. B. MARSH,
Peoria, Ill.

They have a literary club in Rhode Island which met the other night to discuss the two topics, “The Unemployed” and “Cremation.” And a bright member got up and suggested that the two topics be dovetailed, as follows: “How to Earn Our Living and Urn Our Dead.”—*New York Tribune*.

The Home

Helps to High Living.

Sunday—*In the mirror of nature's face the image of the Eternal is hourly seen by the devout.*

Monday—*Spiritual culture resolves itself very much into the power of self-determination.*

Tuesday—*Hopefulness is the delicate complexion of true piety.*

Wednesday—*Science is God uttering his thoughts aloud.*

Thursday—*Self-unconsciousness is the condition of blessedness.*

Friday—*There can be no Providence without law, as there is no law without Providence.*

Saturday—*Self-sacrifice does not announce itself.*

Mozoomdar.

Good Night.

A little, upturned, sleepy face
Waiting the good night kiss;
A little head with tangled curls
Pillowed in drowsy bliss.

With a faint “dood night” and a wee, small sigh,
He is off to the “Land of Nod;”
And, as I watch him sleeping there,
A being so near to God,—

Shadowy memories float through my mind
Of a time, long, long ago,
When I was a child and was put to bed,
Tucked in and kissed just so.

Oh, little boy, with eyes so blue,
And hair with wondrous light,
May life be as real as your play to-day,
Sleep be as sweet as to-night.

And, when your lips speak the last good night,
May they be as chaste and pure
As now, while I kiss you, lying asleep
In God's loving care secure.

L. F. F.

What He Could Afford.

There is a moral worth heeding in a bit of talk which passed not long ago between two Harvard students. One of them inherited much money, and gives the best energies of his life to spending it in somewhat ostentatious fashion.

The second student, his townsman and cousin, is a steady, straightforward fellow, manly and gifted, and not in the least ashamed of the fact that he is poor.

The talk on the train, when the boys were starting together for Cambridge this fall, happened to turn upon the subject of winter clothing, and the wealthy youth said with a little air of patronage:

“I always have my clothes made by Blank. It is true he is the most expensive tailor in Boston, but he is the best. I suppose,” he added with unconscious rudeness, “that you can hardly afford to patronize Blank.”

“No,” the other answered quietly, “but then I can afford not to patronize him.”

His cousin was not too dull to see the point, and the subject was dropped.—*American Youth*.

Their Birthday Gift.

In a sunny nook sat two disconsolate little boys. It was Aunt Esther's birthday. Uncle George was going to give her a pretty book of poems in memory of the event. Cousin Lester had saved up his pennies and bought her a nice handkerchief; Aunt Olive had made

her an apron, and so on around the circle of friends. Molly and Sue, John and Henry, all had some gift for Aunt Esther.

But Rob and Ray had nothing. Someway, they had not the means to buy anything, and their little hands were not strong enough to make what they might plan for the aunt they loved so dearly. And so they were very sad and thoughtful this bright morning.

“I wish I could give Aunt Esther something,” said Ray with a quiver in his voice; “she's always good to me.”

“And me, too,” was Rob's quick reply. “I don't believe there's another auntie like her in all the whole world. There wouldn't anybody else give us so many things as she does.”

Ray had nothing to say to this. The two boys agreed perfectly on the point of Aunt Esther's goodness.

“But I don't see what we can do,” Rob kept on gloomily. “If I hadn't broken my jumping-jack, and lost my marbles, and left my rubber ball over to Millie's, I'd give her some of them.”

And then there was silence for a little while. It looked very much as if Aunt Esther's birthday would go by unremembered by any token of love from these sorrowful nephews. By and by Rob's eyes rested on a big pile of wood lying loosely in Aunt Esther's back yard, just as the hired man had left it the day before. An idea came into his loving little heart.

“Say, Ray,” he said more cheerfully, “I'll tell you what we can do. We can carry that wood in and pile it all up nice in the woodshed. I guess Aunt Esther would be glad to have that done.”

“All right,” replied Ray. “If we can't give her anything, we can do something for her.”

So at it they went. In an hour's time they had carried it all in, and piled it snugly under the roof of the shed.

Then they brought Aunt Esther out to see what they had done.

“This is our birthday gift, Aunt Esther,” they said. “We hadn't anything else to give.”

Aunt Esther knelt down with an arm around each of the rosy-cheeked little fellows, and said, with a tear in her eye:

“My darling little men! you could not have done anything that showed me more plainly how you love Aunt Esther. Every time I come out here I shall think of your affection for me.”

Then, kissing each one of them, she led them away, their hearts full of joy that, after all, they had done something to make Aunt Esther's birthday brighter.

—*The Pansy*.

Not Her Fault.—“I don't see why it takes Bertie so long to learn to talk,” said the young mother, anxiously. “I spend hours every day trying to teach him. B'ess its 'ittle footsy-tootsies! Doesn't muzzer dess do ever' sing she tan to det it to talky-walky! Tum to its muzzer! Popsy-wopsy doncy duckums! Wilddlecome biddlecome, fiddle-dee! Toze its pittty 'ittle eyes now and go s'eepty!”—*Chicago Tribune*.

UNITY

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Published Weekly, \$1.00 per Year, 5 cents per copy.

PUBLISHED FOR
THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY,
BY
BLOCH & NEWMAN.

Office, 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

Remittances should be made payable to Bloch & Newman, and should be by express money order, post-office money order, draft, check on Chicago bank or registered letter.

Discontinuances.—Subscribers wishing UNITY stopped at the expiration of their subscriptions should notify us to that effect; otherwise we shall consider it their wish to have it continued.

Changes of Address.—When a change of address is desired, both the new and the old address must be given and notice sent one week before the change is desired.

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Notes from the Field

CHICAGO.

Two courses of very interesting afternoon lectures are now being given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones at the residences of some of the lovers of good literature in Oakland and Kenwood.

The Oakland course is on "Masterpieces of George Eliot," Romola, Felix Holt, Daniel Deronda and Middlemarch.

The Kenwood course comprises studies in "Four Prophets of Modern Literature," Emerson, Browning, George Eliot and Lowell.

This method of stimulating study of the best authors and books has proven so successful that a similar course of four lectures, to be given in the evening at Englewood, after Easter, is being arranged for.

CLEVELAND, O.

President Cary, of the Meadville Theological school, gave two able discourses at Unity Church the same Sunday. In the morning he spoke upon the Birthright of the Race, or the Universality of Religion. He showed, by way of introduction, that the similarities in human nature were fundamental, and the differences only superficial and accidental, and made a striking application of this truth to religion and theology. He referred to the great aid which the Parliament of Religions had rendered toward the realization of

a real religious unity. An excellent comment was made upon the text from Acts xvii.—"God hath made of one every nation of men,"—implying in the new version a moral and spiritual unity, and not a kinship by descent, as the old version would seem to indicate. In the evening the lecture was upon Ideals. Referring to Raphael's School of Philosophy, he took Aristotle and Plato as representatives of two types of mind. Showing the necessity of a correspondence between the two, he referred to the influence which great ideals have had upon those eminent in history. After a philosophical analysis of the elements of the Ideal, he pointed to three important means of cultivating it: first through a study of humanity in all its phases, second through literature, and third through art. Enlarging upon each of these themes, he showed how each received the emphasis according to the bias of the individual mind. A comparison was made between the man of genius and the man of talent, and emphasis was put upon the encouraging truth that each has some specialty or talent that may be cultivated. The lecture was a fine exposition of the higher philosophy of life, presented with that clearness and simplicity which characterize the true scholar and thinker. Prof. Cary's visit to Cleveland has been much appreciated by us; but he is not to be with us on the 25th., as UNITY kindly but erroneously stated.

An interesting entertainment will be given by the Lend a Hand Club this evening, a stereoptican exhibit of Old World Cathedrals.

M. M.

ST. CLOUD, MINN.

The subjects of Mr. Staples' sermons at Unity Church during the month of February are: "The Conversion of Energy," "Breadth and Depth," "The Seat of the Scornful," and "Is the World Ready?" The Emerson Class, which meets Monday evenings, is this month reading the essays "Art" and "History."

HUMBOLDT, IA.

The work here is prospering in all branches of the church activities. The audiences are larger this year than any year since Mr. Byrnes has been here. Some recent subjects on which Mr. Byrnes has preached are: "The Place and Meaning of Prayer in Modern Life and Rational Religion," "An All-sided Radical," "Something for Nothing, or Those Who Reap Where They Have not

Sown." Mr. Byrnes spoke on the "Higher Education" at the recent dedication of the new sixteen thousand dollar school house in this town.

The attendance at the Unity Club averages about forty people, and the interest in both the geology and the social science branches has been high. We have a well prepared paper on each subject at every meeting, as well as a class exercise in geology, led by the enthusiastic scientist, Dr. G. Hardy Clark. It has been suggested in these columns that holding both sections on the same night was an unusual procedure and the question has been asked, how does it work? Our answer is that it works first rate here. Most of the members would attend both sections if they were held on alternate evenings, and those who come from their interest in one section generally become interested in the other section also. But where the work is divided in this way, success depends upon having the work mapped out systematically, commencing on time, and not allowing one section to infringe on the time of the other. In this way two hours can be spent, and the interest kept up on the two subjects, where one alone would weary its members.

We have had some novel socials this year. Among them might be mentioned a "World's Fair Shakespearian Social," in which Shakespeare gave his opinions of the World's Fair; and bright and "pat" opinions they often were, too. Another was an "Art Social," held holiday week in one of the large and beautiful homes here. An admission of ten cents was charged at the door, and there were about a hundred people in attendance. The entertainment consisted of a loan collection of beautiful paintings, great religious pictures gathered from the various homes, World's Fair souvenirs, and a few humorous objects to guess on.

The Ladies' Society has been doing good work all year. They have recently held a valentine sale and social, from which they realized seventy-five dollars.

Like many other liberal churches in the West, we were favored with a visit from Nagarkar, and listened with delight to his gentle eloquence. Mrs. C. P. Wooley also gave an inspiring lecture on the "Prophets in Literature." Miss Safford has recently been here on an exchange, and gave her great lecture on "The Man who Thinks"

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"It is a charming little historical romance. It is not large enough to be pretentious, but it is sweet and simple and admirably told."—The Churchman, New York.

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By AUGUSTUS FILON. Translated by J. V. Prichard. A brilliant study of London life in the eighteenth century. Illustrated. 12mo, \$1.00.

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on Saturday evening, and two inspiring sermons on Sunday, which drew out our full constituency, and more too. We expect soon to have Prof. Calvin, the state geologist, to lecture on Geology to the Unity Club.

We have made an innovation this year in our church choir. Instead of the quartette of past years, we have a choir of twenty-two voices, accompanied by an orchestra of six pieces, under the able leadership of Mr. D. F. Coyle, a former leader of the band here. They have paid for their music and equipments by giving concerts in the church during the week, for admission to which a small price was charged, and they have given several free Sunday evening concerts. They have recently rendered the cantata, "David the Shepherd Boy," on two successive evenings in the Opera House, the receipts of which were one hundred and fifteen dollars. Many people came from surrounding towns, and good musical critics say it was the best musical entertainment ever given in Northern Iowa. It was Wesley who said that the Devil had all the best tunes. Since we have had our orchestra and heard the violin, the cello, the cornet and other instruments in sacred music, we have concluded that the Devil has had most of the best instruments, and that it is time to get them into the church. The orchestra has played several pieces after the benediction while the people are dispersing, and it is found that the people don't disperse while the music lasts and the difficulty is to get the people to go home so the janitor can close the church.

The dramatic section of Unity Club are planning to play Bulwer's "Lady of Lyons" in the Opera House in March.

MANISTEE, MICH.

Mr. Merwin-Marie Snell has been invited to preach here as a candidate. This gentleman comes to to the Unitarian body with a high reputation as a scholar, especially in comparative religion, having lectured on that subject in the Catholic University at Washington, D. C. He also took a prominent part as Dr. Barrows' assistant in arranging portions of the Congresses at the Auxiliary of the World's Fair.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Rev. W. M. Backus, of Alton, gave an admirable address on the Right of Private Judgment, at Unity Church, on February 11th. On the 18th Miss Safford, of Sioux

City, conducted the services in a way that the people found "very enjoyable." Mr. Bradley, of Quincy, Ill., preached last Sunday; and Mrs. Learned has consented to occupy the pulpit herself on March 4th, to the great satisfaction of the congregation. G.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Rev. Leslie W. Sprague has been remarkably successful in the Second Unitarian Church of this city. The audiences are always large and often exceed the seating capacity of the church; and there is a steady increase in the society, the minister having given the right hand of fellowship to 105 persons since last April. We understand that Mr. Sprague thinks of coming East to attend our Western Conference in May, when we can have the pleasure of hearing him in some of our churches in the neighborhood of Chicago. G.

PARKER, S. DAK.

This is a young and enterprising town of some fifteen hundred inhabitants. It has five or six orthodox churches, but a few of the families of the place wanted something more liberal. And so, not being able to build a church or employ a minister to help them, they determined to help themselves—to be their own minister and make churches of their own homes. Accordingly they organized into a society, meeting from house to house on Sunday afternoons, to talk over the higher problems of life. They adopted a "Declaration of Principles," asserting that their objects were "to cultivate in the human mind an attitude receptive of truth," and to "teach love, charity, morality, liberty and the brotherhood of man in accordance with thorough research, with unbiased reason and with honest purpose." They are going steadily on their way, having now adopted "Beginnings" for their outline of study. They are hoping to hear an occasional speaker from outside to encourage them by the touch of a larger fellowship. Anyone who has the modern gospel of a scientific religion to proclaim will be sure of a warm welcome here, if the experience of the Western Secretary is any criterion. G.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA.

The work of the Unity Club at this place is divided into two sections, the poetry section and the history section. The latter is studying American history, between 1789 and 1861, and the former has taken up "Nathan, the Wise," and is now busy with "Hy-

patia." In Unity Circle, which is the ladies' society of the church, papers on the Ideal Church are given the second Wednesday of each month, and on Famous Holy Places the fourth Wednesday; while Orthodoxy and Heresy in the Christian Church is studied under Miss Safford's lead every third Wednesday. Judging by the high quality of the papers and the crowded audiences and the interest shown in the discussion, it would seem as if both of these societies were most potent factors in kindling intellectual life in the whole community at Sioux City. And the large size of the Sunday congregation and the Sunday-school shows that the church is absorbing much of the best of this life into religious channels. A Sunday class of young people numbering several score are studying Everett's "Ethics for the Young," under the guidance of Miss Safford; and a confirmation class with a three years' course meets with Miss Gordon before the Sunday evening service; while an adult Bible class holds its session Sunday noon under its own leader, and has discussions so eager and exact that the gentlemen sometimes bring their Greek Testaments with them. When we remember that the ministers at Sioux City are also keeping up services at Cherokee, Washta and Marcus, with occasional forays into Nebraska and other neighboring states, we are inclined to think that in case of counting women ministers, one and one do not make two, but three or four or half a dozen. But we hope that this multitudinous pair will not overdo and break down. Their work is too valuable at Sioux City to be suspended or endangered. G.

The Committee on Fellowship of the National Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches.

New York, Feb. 16, 1894. The Rev. Celia Parker Woolley, having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon her qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry; and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that she is in all respects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches.

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"Death as Friend."

A limited number of copies of W. C. Gannett's "Death as Friend" is for sale at this office—price 10 cents. This little book of poems takes its name from the leading poem in the collection, it being a new one. The others are familiar and loved friends. Specially suitable for an Easter Greeting.

A New Edition of "Beginnings."

The sale of the new manual, "Beginnings," has been so rapid that a new edition will be needed by another school year. We should like to correct as many faults as possible, in the new edition, and therefore we should be greatly obliged for criticism from any who have used the book. We have already received several helpful suggestions. A professor of biology on the Pacific coast sends a valuable correction in the scientific part; while a Universalist minister from the Atlantic coast suggests that the book should be published also in leaflets, one for each chapter. The reason for the latter change is that the books are apt to be read entirely through at once, by the brighter children, who then ask, like Oliver Twist, for more; while by the less bright pupils the volumes would be likely to be lost or used up before the end of the course. Word has come, also, that there are better selections of

prose and verse than those given in the book. We are greatly obliged for all these hints and emendations, and shall be still more obliged for any others that teachers may be kind enough to send us. G.

The Study Table

THE *Dial* for February 16 contains much that is of interest to the educator. Its "leader" is a comment upon Dr. Poole's address upon the relations of the library to the university, in which it is insisted that it is not enough to know something of the bibliography of a special subject, but that "if a question arises as to the existence, authorship or subject of a book, an educated man should know the catalogues or bibliographies by which he can readily clear up the doubt. The words Watt, Larousse, Graesse, Quérard, Hoefer, Kayser, Hinrichs, Meyer, Hain and Vaperau should not be unmeaning sounds to him." There is also a short article on English at Columbia College, by Brander Matthews, and a word on Secondary Studies from a Latin-school teacher. This increasing interest in the educational, as distinct from the "purely literary," is in our opinion a praiseworthy feature of this excellent periodical.

THE *Cosmopolitan* for February is a brilliant number, and one of the ablest things in it is the associate editor's "Rejected Manuscript." Armando P. Valdés contributes the first installment of a novel, "The Origin of Thought," which, judging by the effect, seems

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to be admirably translated by Miss Isabel F. Hapgood, and which is certainly of considerable interest for the picture it presents of modern Spanish life, and gives promise of still greater value. The imaginary "episode of modern warfare," "The Meloban and the Pentheroy," is exceedingly vivid. W. A. Dobson has an article on "The Designing and Building of a War-ship," and L. P. Mouillard one on "Gliding Flight," the illustrations of which add no little to its value. The variety and excellence of this number well illustrate its motto,—“From every man according to his ability; to every man according to his needs,”—with which motto (in the sense in which it is here used) the most pronounced individualist will hardly find fault. Besides the articles already mentioned there is a poem from the Persian by Sir Edwin Arnold; one entitled "Ghosts," from the pen of Graham R. Tomson; "The Beggars," by Wm. Young; a word upon the Saga of Eric the Red, from H. H. Boyesen; "God's Will and Human Happiness," by St. George Mivart; "Perfume Worship in All Ages," by Esther Singleton; "Indian Wars and Warriors," by Mr. Eastman; "Aspects and Impressions of a Plutocratic City," by Howells; and the first half of T. C. Crawford's "Disappearance Syndicate." And all for fifteen cents!

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The bracketed words in the list below indicate the special fellowship with which the societies have been identified; but for all local, ethical and spiritual purposes the words are growing less and less in importance, when used to differentiate the one from the other. The pastors and societies named below have a growing sense of community of work and interest, viz.: The liberation of the human mind from superstition and bigotry, the consecration of the life that now is, and the ennobling of our city, our country and the world.

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CHURCH OF OUR FATHER (Universalist), 80 Hall street. L. J. Dinsmore, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), corner of Michigan avenue and 23d street. W. W. Fenn, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER (Universalist), corner of Warren avenue and Robey street. M. H. Harris, Minister.

ENGLEWOOD UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Stewart avenue and 65th street. R. A. White, Minister.

ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

FRIENDS' SOCIETY, second floor of the Athenæum Building, 18 Van Buren street. Jonathan W. Plummer, Minister.

K. A. M. CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 33d street. Isaac S. Moses, Minister.

OAK PARK UNITY CHURCH (Universalist), R. F. Johnson, Minister.

PEOPLE'S CHURCH (Independent), McVicker's Theater, Madison street, near State. H. W. Thomas, Minister.

RYDER CHAPEL (Universalist), Sheridan avenue, Woodlawn. John S. Cantwell, Minister.

SINAI CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 21st street. E. G. Hirsch, Minister.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH (Universalist), Prairie avenue and 28th street. A. J. Canfield, Minister.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner of Monroe and Laflin streets. J. Vila Blake, Minister.

UNITY CHURCH (Unitarian), corner of Dearborn avenue and Walton place.

ZION CONGREGATION (Jewish), corner Washington Boulevard and Union Park. Joseph Stolz, Minister.

AT ALL SOULS CHURCH the pastor will speak at 11 a. m., on "Burial Customs," and at 8 p. m., Mr. V. R. Ghandi, A. B., will speak on "India under Hindu, Mohammedan and English Rule."

SINAI CONGREGATION. Dr. E. G. Hirsch will deliver a discourse on "Jesus" on Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock.

SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE. Mr. M. M. Mangasarian will lecture at the Grand Opera House, Sunday, at 11 a. m., on "What Justifies Capital Punishment." The Ethical School meets Sundays at 10, at 309 Masonic Temple.

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